

From the Cincinnati Commercial.
Mr. Longworth's Letter.

PUBS. COM.—The inquiry of Mr. N. Longworth, in your paper of the 2nd inst., is made with so much apparent candor and good feeling, that it is worthy of an ingenuous and temperate reply. It is couched in the terms following, substantially: "Do the friends of the Maine Liquor Law propose a law in our State that shall prohibit the sale of our domestic wines, and like wines made in our neighboring States, from the pure juice of the grape?"

As one of the friends of the Temperance cause to whom this appeal is made, I answer without any evasions or circumlocutions; we "propose" just this: the enactment of a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of *all intoxicating liquors*, except for use in medicine and the arts. We wish to have this poison returned to the drug-store, where it was kept for some centuries after its discovery, and made the minister of good and not of evil to man. We hope that Mr. Longworth, and other wine producers, will read without passion or prejudice our reasons for this course, and give them their proper and intrinsic weight in the scale, and no more.

First: *Consistency* requires us to take this stand. We cannot single out and condemn the stronger alcoholic liquors, allowing the free use of the milder ones, and yet hold up our heads as opposers of intemperance in a general and generic sense. If alcohol be not only useless, but eminently injurious as a beverage, why not prohibit the sale of it in its diluted as well as in its concentrated forms? Why heal slightly the wound of the people? Why attempt to remove a part of the evil only? We have no confidence in quackery. As the enemies of *all* the agents which bring such calamities upon society, we can make no exceptions in favor of "our domestic wines." Even the *dear Sparkling Catawba* must go by the board. We must keep company with *consistency*, or consistent men will not go with us.

Secondly: Mr. Longworth greatly underrates the *intoxicating power* of our domestic wines. If we grant that all that is manufactured by him and others, in the circle described in his letter, is consumed in the state in which it leaves their hands, uncontaminated with drugs or alcohol, we must yet claim that it will produce no little amount of drunkenness, and some of the evils that are inseparable from it. *Fermentation will generate alcohol*. If Mr. L. will allow me to go to his cellar and select three bottles, I will prove to him (not by drinking them, though that experiment would no doubt be equally satisfactory to him,) that his habitual representations on this score are not just. These wines have enough of the intoxicating principle in them to *arouse* an appetite for ardent spirits that has been got under, and what is a more serious impeachment of its character, it has enough of this principle in it to *create* an appetite for the strongest liquors. The use of them will certainly open and pave the way to inebriation in its most melancholy and revolting forms. Almost all whose families and fortunes have been ruined by intemperance, began their career with the use of the more gentle stimulants.

But, how much of the enormous quantity of wine which Mr. Longworth is instrumental in sending abroad upon the community can be called the "pure juice of the grape," when it is consumed? He must remember that all men are not as scrupulous as he. After it has passed from his hands it is *re-manufactured*. All the varieties of wine in the market spring from this prolific mother. It is weakened or strengthened, bleached or colored, sweetened or acidified, and then dubbed with all the fantastic

names that you find on the "bill of fare" at the Barnet House, which every man who has any knowledge of the world must know to be an imposition. Mr. L. deceives himself and others, when he calls "our domestic wines" the pure juice of the grape. He ought frankly to inform the public that after they leave his cellar they are perverted by unprincipled men into the *filthiest* compounds, known in our markets by the name of wines.

Thirdly: That would manifestly be an unequal law which should issue its penalties upon manufacturer and vendor of the liquors which are within reach of the poor, and which are preferred by those who are on the lower moral grades on account of their greater stimulating energy, while it gave a God-speed to those who are engaged in producing and bringing into the market those more palatable intoxicating beverages, which are adapted to the tastes and means of the more wealthy and moral.

A law discriminating thus invidiously against the less favored classes of society, could not be carried through any Legislature in the Union; and if it could, the yeomanry of the State would keep the cry of repeal sounding till it disappeared from their statute book. Mr. Longworth ought to have sufficient acquaintance with human nature to know that any leniency toward wines, even *domestic* wines, would vitiate our whole movement. We must be *radical* here, in order to gain our purpose, which is nothing more or less than this: to relieve the State of the enormous taxes which she is compelled to pay for the support of pauperism, induced by intemperance, and for the prosecution and punishment of crime, having its source in the same, and the restoration of happiness and comfort to the fifty thousand families in the State, who are sighing and sinking under the burdens imposed upon them by rum-sellers. Our object is *only* good. We would abridge no man's just liberty. We would interfere with no man who does not interfere with the public good. We call our enemies and our God to witness, that we have no personal ends to be answered by the enactment of a prohibitory law, except as our personal interests are involved and interwoven with the interests of our fellow-citizens generally. We hope such men as Mr. Longworth will not give us the cold shoulder. They can afford to be generous—to put private considerations out of sight, and labor for the moral, social and financial well-being of the State. They may regard the friends of legal suasion as their enemies. We regret it, but we hope they will remember, *Fas doceri ab hoste*.

L. CARY.

Strange Infatuation.

Some ten years ago there resided in this State a gentleman, his wife and two interesting daughters, who were as much respected as any family in it. Blessed with a competency of earthly goods, and surrounded by hosts of friends, their happiness seemed as near perfect as human beings could expect to enjoy. Six years since this family left here for the South, where the husband and father took to drink, and in two years after became a bankrupt and a sot. Next, the wife and mother became a drunkard, and now we understand the two girls are inmates of a low brothel on the Mississippi river. What a commentary on the free use of ardent spirits. In six years a whole family reduced from affluence to the deepest depths of degradation. And yet how many cases of a similar nature are to be met with every day.—*Richmond Mail*.

Reprehension, if you are wise, can never do you harm.

A Yankee Story.

The funny columns in the English papers derive more of their "stuff for smiles" from the journals of this country, than from any other source. We find in one of them this ludicrous anecdote of the "Bewitched Clock," which was quite new to us:

About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broad-cloth, "might have been seen" entering Deacon Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed, finally, by the entire person of a live Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed who (thus burlesquely won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his doors again?" soliloquized the young gentleman. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, ef there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sally'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afeard to move about here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' nuther, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear here. O, here comes Sally."

The beautiful maid descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a rousing fire in the cooking-stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe, who was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door:—"Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib!" said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe; and, running to the huge, old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock, and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman.

"It's five, by the clock," answered Sally; and, corroborating her words the old clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak. "Goody gracious! it's father," exclaimed Sally.

"The deacon! by thunder!" cried Joe. "Hide me, Sally!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he. "I'll squeeze into the clock-case." And, without another word, he concealed himself in the case, and closed the door.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking-stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking deliberately and calmly. "Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Haden't you better feed the critters fust, sir," suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No; smokin' clears my head, and wakes me up," replied the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Burr-r-r-r-r—whizz—ding! ding! ding! ding! went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove; "what'n creation's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five!" said Sally, tremulously.

Whizz! ding! ding! ding! went the clock furiously.

"Powers of marcy!" cried the dea-

con. "Strikin' five! it's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm; "what is the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so afore."

Whizz! ding! ding! ding! went the clock again.

"It'll bust itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothin' left of it."

"It's bewitched!" said the deacon, who retained a leaven of good old New England superstition in his nature. "Any how," said he, after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

"Oh, don't," cried his daughter, seizing one of his coat-tails, while his wife clung to the other. "Don't!" chorused both the women together.

"Let go my raiment," shouted the old deacon. "I ain't afeard of the powers of darkness."

But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped out of his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward, and laid his hand upon the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death-grasp.

The old deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, burst from the inside, and then the clock-case pitched headforemost at the deacon, fell headlong on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its fair proportions. The current of air extinguished the lamp—the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his escape in the same way in which he entered.

The next day all Appleton was alive with the story, how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched, and though many believed his version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock-case existed only in a distempered imagination.

However, the interdict being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the consent of the old people to his union with Sally, by repairing the old clock till it went as well as ever.

Another Jail Empty.

Nearly every paper in the State has published a statement from the "Burlington Courier" that the county jail at that place was now empty, and attributing it to the effect of the Maine Law. We, too, have as much to say in behalf of our own county, for the Chelsea jail is empty; but what is to us far more unusual, our last term of court continued but two days for jury cases, an instance probably unknown in this hot-bed of lawyers. Who will longer wonder that nine-tenths of the lawyers in Vermont are opposed to the "obnoxious law?" Temperance makes peace.—*Vermont Herald*.

A strictly orthodox old gentleman in Massachusetts, returning home one Sunday afternoon from church, began to extol to his son the merits of the sermon. "I have heard, Frank," said he, "one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me to the gates of Heaven." "Well, I think," replied Frank, "you had better have dodged in, for you will never get another such a chance!"

Wisdom is better than riches.